Stew. Madame within, but neuer man so chang'd, I told him of the army that was landed, he smild at it, I told him you were coming, his answere was the worse, of *Glosters* treacherie, and of the loyall seruice of his sonne when I enform'd him, then hee cald me sott, and told me I had turnd the wrong side out, what hee should most desire seemes pleasant to him, what like offensiue.

Gon. Then shall you goe no further,
It is the cowish curre of his spirit
That dares not vndertake, hele not feele wrongs
Which tie him to an answere, our wishes on the way
May proue effects, backe *Edgar* to my brother,
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers
I must change armes at home, and giue the distaffe
Into my husbands hands, this trusty seruant
Shall passe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare
If you dare venture in your owne behalfe
A mistresses coward, weare this spare speech,
Decline your head: this kisse if it durst speake
Would stretch thy spirits vp into the ayre,
Conceaue and far you well.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew

Gon. My most deere *Gloster*, to thee womans seruices
My foote vsurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*

Gon. I haue beene worth the whistle. (rude wind

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the dust which the
Blowes in your face, I feare your dispositon
That nature which contemnes it origin
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
She that her selfe will sliuer and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly vse.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnes, to the vild seeme vild,
Filths sauor but themselues, what haue you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man

Whose

Whose reuerence euen the head-lugd beare would lick.
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded,
Could my good brother suffer you to doe it?
A man, a Prince, by him so benifli&cted,
If that the heauens doe not their visible spirits (come
Send quickly downe to tame the vild offences, it will
Humanly must perforce pray on it selfe like monsters of

Gon. Milke liuerd man (the deepe.

That beares a cheeke for blows, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye deseruing thine honour,
From thy suffering, that not know'st fools, do those vilains pitty
Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischiefe,
Wher's thy drum? *France* spreds his banners in our noyslles land,
With plumed helme, thy slayer begin threats
Whil's thou a morall foole sits still and cries
Alack why does he so?

Alb. See thy selfe deuill, proper deformity seemes not in the fiend, so horid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole!

Alb. Thou changed, and selfe-couerd thing for shame.
Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my fitnes
To let these hands obay my bloud,
They are apt enough to dislocate and teare
Thy flesh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry your manhood now---

Alb. What newes. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gent. O my good Lord the Duke of *Cornwals* dead, slaine by his seruant, going to put out the other eye of *Gloster*.

Alb. Glosters eyes?

Gen. A seruant that he bred, thrald with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great maister, who thereat inraged
Flew on him, and amongst them, feld him dead,
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since
Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are aboue your Iustices,
That these our nether crimes so speedely can venge.

But